

# Newport Mercury

VOLUME CXLIX.—NO. 28.

NEWPORT, R. I., DECEMBER 22, 1906.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,357.

## The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—  
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

182 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It has long been a source of information to the people of this and other States, and its circulation is very valuable to business men.

## Local Matters.

### The Last Count.

The board of aldermen have at last finished counting the ballots cast at the recent city election and have passed the resolution declaring those having the highest number of votes elected. Certificates of election have been issued to the successful candidates.

The first official count by the board was completed last week but in some of the wards where changes had been made from the wardens' count, and where the result was very close, a recount was asked for, so Tuesday evening the five aldermen and the mayor went at it again. In the fourth ward the votes for Bruce Butterton and John J. Connell were counted but there was no change in the result. The votes for H. Livingston Beeckman and Thomas H. Reagan, on the two year term of the same ward, were counted, but there was no change, Mr. Reagan being elected. On the one year term P. P. Stewart Hale was declared elected and John T. Keefe was defeated, this being a change from the first count. In the fifth ward also a change was made. Edward S. Rawson was defeated and Benjamin M. Anthony was elected. The votes counted in that ward were for Messrs. Anthony, Rawson and James Meliff. Mr. Anthony was reported elected by the warden, was counted out by the board the first time, and now has been counted in again.

Governor George H. Utter was taken ill on the train while on his way to Newport Thursday afternoon to attend the opening of the armory of the Newport Artillery Company. He was attended by Dr. Day of Providence who was on the train, and upon his arrival here he took a carriage to the residence of Col. A. C. Landers where he passed the night. His illness was not regarded as serious but was the result of overwork, and Dr. Day advised complete rest. Governor Utter had planned to go to New York on Friday to attend the annual dinner of the New England Association, at which all the governors of the New England States are to be present. Governor Utter is still at Col. Landers' residence and Mrs. Utter joined him there yesterday afternoon.

Miss Mildred Bigelow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Bigelow, was married to Mr. Newell W. Tilton, son of Mr. Frederick W. Tilton, of New York, in the chantry of Grace church on Saturday last. It was a very quiet affair, being witnessed by relatives and a few intimate friends. The bride was attended by Miss Ethel Harriman. The best man was Mr. William Tilton, and the ushers were Dr. Benjamin T. Tilton and Mr. John A. McVicar. The bride wore a dress of white satin crepe de chene, trimmed with old lace and a long tulle veil. A wedding breakfast followed at the home of Mrs. J. Borden Harriman.

The steamer Commodore of New York has been leased by the Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company to run between Providence and Newport during the winter. She arrived during the week and is now on the line while the City of Newport is being overhauled. The Commodore is a screw boat and is regarded as better adapted for winter work in the ice than the Newport.

The first ward delegation to the representative council held a meeting on Thursday evening and elected a committee of three to confer with the committees from the other wards in regard to rules, etc., for the new council. The committee consists of Frank P. Gladding, Robert Kerr, and Philip H. Caswell.

The annual ball of the Newport Artillery Company will be held at the new armory on New Year's eve, December 31, 1906.

## Dry Dock for Newport.

There has been introduced into Congress by Representative Adin B. Capron of Rhode Island a bill to construct a floating dry dock to be stationed in Narragansett Bay at a cost not to exceed one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The bill was introduced on December 15 and was referred to the committee on naval affairs.

This is really the first step in a project that has engaged the attention of a number of prominent men for some time. Several leading naval officers, who well know the advantages possessed by Narragansett Bay as a naval station, realizing that the present docking facilities will be entirely inadequate to the demands when the new battle ships are launched, have interested themselves in the matter and have shown the Rhode Island delegation in Washington what might be done.

The bill as introduced provides for a floating steel dry dock. This was recommended by the Secretary of the Navy who has just retired, Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte. It is regarded as doubtful if a floating dock is what is needed, but this can of course be easily amended. What is intended is to have a large permanent dry dock capable of handling the largest battleships that have been authorized, of 20,000 tons. The location that seems to be most favored is Prudence Island, but that is not the only location within the bay that would answer admirably as the site for such a dry dock.

The Rhode Island delegation will undoubtedly experience much difficulty in securing the location of the dock in Narragansett Bay, even if the dry dock is authorized. Maryland interests are looking after such a work for their State and there will certainly be strong pressure brought to bear to secure it for other localities. But the Rhode Islanders are men of large influence and they have a strong argument to the natural advantages of Narragansett Bay.

Instead of going through as a separate bill, it is probable that this will be added to the regular naval appropriation bill. Then the Secretary of the Navy will appoint a board of experts to judge of the advantages of the various sites and will select the one that they recommend. It is thought that Narragansett Bay will compare favorably with any place that can be suggested and an impartial board can hardly fail to recommend this location.

If the dry dock is located in Narragansett Bay it will be but the beginning of a great navy yard here. With the stations already at Newport, and further up the bay, there is little doubt but that in time Narragansett Bay will be the most important naval station in the United States.

### St. John's Lodge.

The annual communication of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., was held on Monday evening when the following officers were elected:

Worshipful Master—Earl P. Mason.  
Senior Warden—William Champlin.  
Junior Warden—Robert S. Burlingame.

Treasurer—George C. Lawton.  
Secretary—Ara Hildreth.  
Senior Deacon—David Davis.  
Junior Deacon—Henry G. Riley.  
Senior Steward—J. Irving Shepley.  
Junior Steward—George DeM. Congdon.

Chaplain—George Melville.  
Sexton—P. P. Stewart Hale.  
Marshal—Frank P. King.  
Tyler—J. Gottlieb Spingler.  
Musical Director—William R. Boone.

District Deputy Grand Master John F. Clarke presided over the election and installed the officers, being assisted by Acting Grand Master of Cerenonles Charles S. Foster. St. John's Lodge is the oldest in the jurisdiction and the meeting on Monday was the one hundred and fifty-seventh annual communication.

Past Master James G. Topham declined a re-election to the office of treasurer of the lodge, which he had held for fifteen years. Suitable resolutions have been drawn expressing the appreciation of his long and valued services to the lodge, and a Past Master's jewel will be presented to him by the lodge. Mr. Topham has not only been an active Mason for many years but is a descendant of a strong Masonic family. During the anti-Masonic crusade in the early part of the century Mr. Topham's father retained his membership in the lodge and was an active worker for the cause.

A Past Master's jewel was presented to the retiring Master, George Melville.

Postmaster Albert C. Landers has been re-appointed for another term of four years by President Roosevelt and the appointment has been confirmed by the United States Senate. This will make the third term for Col. Landers, as he was first appointed by President McKinley in 1898.

At this time last year spotted fever was raging at the Training Station and there had already been two deaths. The station is very free from disease this year.

## Christmas Day.

Next Tuesday will be Christmas, a day that has been eagerly looked forward to by all the children in the land and by many of larger growth. It is the day of all days in the year when the Christian spirit should prevail, and the old adage should be remembered: that it is more blessed to give than to receive. This spirit is well evidenced by those charitable persons who will on that day provide baskets of dinners for those families who are unable to procure them for themselves and by those who provide a Christmas dinner for those boys who would not find Christmas cheer at home.

The Christmas trade at the stores has been very good, giving evidence that there will be plenty in the stockings Christmas morning to reward the good children. Santa Claus will apparently have a heavily loaded sack when he drives his reindeer over the roofs of the houses, or perhaps, to be more modern and to better accommodate himself to the winter conditions in Newport, he may drive up in a sixty-horsepower motor car.

The stores have all done a large business, and yet it has not all come at once, as it sometimes does. People seem to have taken time by the forelock this year and have done their shopping early to avoid the rush. For the past three weeks there has been a steady custom by the Christmas buyers, many of whom have also taken the forenoon to visit the stores rather than wait until the crowded conditions of the afternoon made the task more difficult. Of course there will be a rush Saturday and Monday, if the weather is half-way fit, and the merchants will be much disappointed if it isn't. Thus far the shoppers have had little to complain of in the weather conditions. It has been cool and crisp most of the time, typical Christmas weather and just the sort to help the Christmas trade along.

There have been some charming displays of Christmas goods in the stores this year and many novelties have been seen. The A. C. Titus Company have as usual devoted their entire lower floor to a display of special holiday goods at remarkably low figures, and the furniture and other articles of their regular stock is also well adapted to gifts. They have had a large trade. In the toy stores there have been many articles to please the children. Roosevelt bears have had a big sale and are all the rage for small children of either sex. For the boys electrical railways and mechanical toys of all kinds have been plentiful on the market. Probably the most elaborate gift that has arrived in town for a boy was a complete miniature automobile for the young son of Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt. This was an electric car about the size of an ordinary goat car and was perfect in every detail.

There will be special Christmas services in all the churches of the Christian faith. Music appropriate for the season will be rendered by the choirs and extra rehearsals are being held in preparation for the day. The Sunday Christmas trees will be set up during the evenings of next week and the small boys have been unusually attentive to their Sunday School duties in the hope that they may not be forgotten.

The public schools closed for the Christmas holidays on Friday. The Newport students in schools and colleges outside of the city have returned home this week and in most instances have two weeks' vacation ahead of them.

The funeral of Mr. Hiram Watson took place Monday afternoon from the First Baptist Church, Rev. E. A. Johnson officiating. The bearers, who were members of St. John's Lodge, of which the deceased was a member, were Messrs. Earl P. Mason, George Melville, William W. Marvel and Duane McLean. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

President Roosevelt sent to the Senate the past week the nomination of Chaplain Frank B. Rose (retired) with the rank of captain, to be chaplain (retired) with the rank of rear admiral. Chaplain Rose was stationed at Newport some time ago and is well known here.

Mr. Frank Foster Grinnell, representative in the General Assembly from the town of Tiverton, was married on Wednesday, December 19, to Miss Elizabeth Cushman Seabury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin C. Seabury of Tiverton, the ceremony being performed in Providence.

Dr. John H. Sweet, Sr., who has been abroad for six weeks, has returned home, and reports a delightful trip on the other side. He encountered an extremely rough passage on the return voyage.

Miss Margaret Sheffield, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. William P. Sheffield, Jr., entertained a party of friends at her home last Saturday in honor of her sixteenth birthday.

## Armory Opening.

The new armory of the Newport Artillery Company, which was fully described in the MERCURY last week, was thrown open for inspection to a large number of invited guests on Thursday evening, when in spite of the inclement weather the large building was well filled with friends of the organization. Governor Utter was expected to be present but owing to illness was obliged to send his regrets at the last moment. There were many members of the General Assembly present, as well as officers of the regular army and of other military commands.

The building was very attractively decorated for the occasion. The new furniture, portieres and rugs are of themselves of much decorative effect, and in addition the American colors were hung about the building and palms and potted plants were used to good effect. In the drill hall seats were arranged for the comfort of the guests while the formal program was rendered.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin F. Cooper, temporary commanding officer, Captain Frank P. King, adjutant and chairman of the building committee, and other officers of the company received the guests at the door. When all had been seated a pleasing program was rendered. The Seventh Artillery orchestra was stationed in the balcony and played during the evening. The Euterpe Glee Club gave a number of selections in their usual excellent style. Mr. Clarence H. Wilson of Boston, the well known baritone soloist of the Apollo Club of Boston, who has frequently been heard in Newport, sang a number of selections and was warmly applauded, being obliged to respond to a number of encores. Miss Florence Carley was the accompanist.

Captain Frank P. King read an interesting history of the Artillery Company and of the armory, after which, as chairman of the building committee, he turned over to Lieut. Col. Cooper the keys of the building, the latter accepting them in a brief address. The members of the company passed the collation to the guests as they remained seated.

At the close of the formal program the new building was inspected by the visitors and dancing was enjoyed by those who wished.

The Edes building on Thames street, recently purchased by Mr. Joseph Haire, is being torn down to make room for the new structure. A two-story wooden building will be erected at once. It will cover the entire lot which is very deep, running well down the wharf. The front will be principally of glass in order to give plenty of room for displaying goods in the windows. The building will be ready for occupancy in the early spring and has been rented for one of the Woolworth system of Five and Ten Cent Stores.

A special train at one o'clock on Tuesday took a draft of 286 boys from the Training Station to Boston, where they will be assigned to duty on the Missouri and Illinois. The boys marched from the Training Station to the depot, the line being headed by the Training Station Band.

Edward Wyman Higbee, James Frazer, Louis P. Nissen and Leo E. Nolan, all Newport boys in Dartmouth College, are home for the holiday vacation, as is also Joseph Nickelson Barrett from Yale College.

There was an interesting lecture before the Natural History Society on Monday evening by Captain C. G. McKenna. U. S. N., the subject being "The Trade Winds, the Gulf Stream and the Track of Piracy."

The late Gabriel Mead Tooker, formerly of this city, left an estate valued at \$639,111. He left his property in trust to his son, John Staebury Tooker, and his daughter, Mrs. Charlotte A. Warren.

Rev. C. A. Stenhouse attended the eleventh annual convention of the Rhode Island Sunday School Association, of which he is President, at Westbury on Monday and made an address.

Col. William P. Clarke, mayor-elect, was confined to his home by an acute attack of sickness during the first part of the week but is now able to be at his place of business.

Mrs. Harry Holt and her daughter, Charlotte Holt, are guests of Mrs. Holt's mother, Mrs. Frederick Clarke, for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hunter have gone to Boston, where they will spend the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. James J. Rooney, who has been seriously ill at the Newport Hospital, is slowly improving.

Rev. Richard Arnold Greene has gone to Princeton, N. J., where he will spend the winter.

St. George's School and Clovis School have closed for the Christmas holidays.

## Big Land Transaction.

Mr. Henry C. Anthony of Portsmouth has purchased the well known Ames D. Smith farm in Portsmouth, near Corey's lane. This is one of the most valuable farms on the island, contains about two hundred acres of land extending for a mile or more along the shore from Corey's lane nearly to the Portsmouth station. The buildings on the place, including the most unique bonhous on the shore, cost nearly fifty thousand dollars to build. From the mansion house can be seen the State House in Providence. The purchaser, Mr. Anthony, has sold a portion of the property to a Fall River association known as the Fifty Associates, and together with Mr. Anthony they will incorporate the company under the name of the Portsmouth Realty Company. The land will be platted and sold in house lots and at a very early period it is expected that a large colony of desirable residents will be settled on this beautiful site. This is one of the largest purchases of real estate that has been made on the island in a long time. The price paid for the property is not stated but the asking price of the farm owners was \$10,000.

## Christmas Observance.

On Tuesday next—Christmas Day—at 12 m., the members of Washington Commandery and their ladies will assemble in Masonic Hall to send Christmas greetings to the Most Eminent Grand Master of Temples, George M. Moulton, of Illinois. The sentiment to the Grand Master is:

"A Merry Christmas, and may he always remember the love and friendship of his fellow-soldiers of the Cross."

To which the Grand Master sends the following response: "To the 165,000 Sir Knights of our jurisdiction on Christmas Day, the most memorable of all the days in the Christian calendar, this sentiment is dedicated: Man should ever seek his earthly reward for deeds done in the approval of his conscience, which is the voice of God, and next to gain the esteem of his fellow-man, which, when worthily won, is a priceless treasure."

The exercises on this occasion will consist of music and addresses by the Prelate, Robert S. Franklin, the Associate Prelate, Rev. Aquilla Webb, and others.

## Southwick's Grove Sold.

The famous Southwick's Grove property has been sold by Mrs. Southwick to a New York artist who will early in the spring erect a fine house on the grounds near where the Southwick barn now stands. The price paid for this property which embraces about 70 acres of land is reported to be \$12,000.

The MERCURY Almanac for 1907 will be ready for distribution by the carriers on New Year's Day. As usual it will contain a great deal of valuable and interesting matter and will be profusely illustrated.

Grand Chancellor Scott of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, Knights of Pythias, made an official visitation to Redwood Lodge, No. 11, of this city Friday.

Mrs. Woodbury Kane has gone to Aiken, S. C., to spend the winter.

## Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented to S. S. Lawton the upper tenement, No. 6 Gladding court, belonging to George E. Perkins of South Manchester, Conn.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the cottage house on the easterly side of Spring street, known as No. 172, for the owner John Radford, to Harry Aaron.

A. O. D. Taylor has sold a lot of 10,000 square feet of land at the northeast corner of Rustia avenue and Champlain street, for the Gibbs Land Company, to Dr. V. Mott Francis, who will have a cottage erected thereon for his private residence.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for the owner, Bowen B. Sweet, the lower half of his two tenement house, No. 6 Sanford street, to Hugh J. Campbell.

### Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE—The usual monthly meeting of the Court of Probate was held at the Town Hall on Monday and action taken on the following estates:

Estate of John B. Ward. Charles H. Ward, as administrator, on his petition is authorized to sell certain property at private sale.

Estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall. Harriet B. Chase, as Guardian, presents an inventory of the real and personal estate, which is allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of George Coggeshall. Will is proved and ordered recorded. Letters testamentary are granted to Sarah G. Coggeshall as executrix and she is required to give her personal bond in the sum of \$2500 to pay debts and legacies.

Estate of Robert J. Grinnell. The petition of Clara B. Grinnell, widow of Robert E. Grinnell, and J. Percival Grinnell to appoint Joseph A. Peckham administrator, is referred to the third Monday of January and notice ordered thereon.

Estate of Harriet N. Barker. Christ-

pher F. Barker as executor of her will presents his second and final account, which is continued to the third Monday of January and notice of its pendency ordered to be given.

Estate of Thomas J. Emery. There was filed in the Probate Clerk's Office on Tuesday a claim of appeal from the decree of the Probate Court disallowing the claim of Robert P. Bowler and Richard W. Hale, trustee, against this estate. An appeal will be taken to the Superior Court.

IN TOWN CORRECTION.—A large number of accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury, including the following:

Peckham Brothers, for crushed stone,	\$307 55
Elmer B. Sisson, surveyor of District No. 1, building stone roads and general repairs,	133 75
William S. Caswell, surveyor of Road District No. 2, building stone roads and general repairs,	150 80
William G. Brown, surveyor of Road District No. 4, building stone roads and general repairs,	248 70
James H. Taber, repairing road scraper and watering cart,	10 70
Simon Hart, 2 books furnished, ruled and printed,	10 75
The George A. Weaver Company, road tools,	2 20
John D. Blair, bounty due for killing eleven skunks,	5 50
Accounts for the relief of the poor,	40 00
Total,	\$974 05

John P. Dutra was granted an order on the dog fund for \$5.20, in payment of fees killed and bitten by dogs.

Louis Cohen was granted a license to gather and peddle junk up to May 1, 1907.

The Old Colony Street Railway Co. petitioned for permission to trim such trees on the East and West Main Roads, next to the tracks of the Newport and Fall River Street Railway, as interfere with the operation of electric cars and Alexander McClellan was designated as the man to supervise and direct the trimming.

The Altar Guild of St. Columba, the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, held an important meeting on Tuesday with Mrs. Eugene Sturtevant. The church has recently received a full set of Communion vestments and altar linen.

The annual business meeting of the Newport County Pomona Grange No. 4, Patrons of Husbandry, was held on Tuesday at the Portsmouth Grange Hall, opening at 11.45, with its Master, Mr. Warren R. Sherman, in the chair. After a short business session the Grangers were invited to the dining-room below where a fine clam chowder was served by the Master and Mrs. Sherman. Aquidneck Grange, Middletown, Portsmouth Grange, and Nonquit Grange, Tiverton, who were represented at this meeting, reported their granges in good condition and holding regular meetings. As Jamestown and Little Compton were not represented there were no reports from these granges.

The first business of the afternoon session was the election of officers for the new year. Miss Eliza M. Peckham and Mr. William F. Carr being appointed as tellers, the balloting resulted in the election of the following officers:

Worthy Master, Warren R. Sherman, of Portsmouth; Overseer, Joseph A. Peckham, of Middletown; Lecturer, Mrs. Eliza A. Peckham, of Middletown; Steward, Myron F. Corey, of Tiverton; Chaplain, Mrs. Horace L. Almy, of Tiverton; Assistant Steward, William Frank Carr, of Portsmouth; Treasurer, George E. Nisou, of Portsmouth; Secretary, Mrs. Jason W. Gifford, of Tiverton; Gate-keeper, Charles L. Sherman of Portsmouth; Pomona, Mrs. Charles L. Farum, of Fall River; Flora, Mrs. Eliza Clark Peckham, of Middletown; Ceres, Mrs. Warren R. Sherman, of Portsmouth; Lady Assistant Steward, Miss Eliza M. Peckham, of Middletown.

Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman's three years' term of office having expired as a member of the executive committee, Mr. William Potter, of Tiverton, was appointed to fill the position.

Following the election a short literary program was given interspersed with Grange songs.

Resolutions on the death of the late George Coggeshall, who was at the time of his death treasurer of Pomona Grange, were adopted. The new officers will be installed in February when Pomona Grange will meet with Nonquit Grange, Tiverton.

The Christmas Festival of the parish of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel will be held on Saturday evening at St. George's School, which has closed for a three weeks' vacation.

Mr. Reuben W. Peckham has been appointed to take the school census for 1907.

Messrs. James Barker, Jr., and David Brown made a trip to Tiverton on Saturday securing a quantity of greens and boughs for the Christmas decorations at the Methodist Episcopal Church.

At the next regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange to be held on Thursday of next week, several candidates will take their third and fourth degrees and there will be the annual election of officers for the coming year. A pop corn and apple social will follow.

Sunday services at the Methodist church are all to have a direct bearing upon Christmas. At the Berkeley Memorial Chapel a special service will be held on Christmas morning at 10.30.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church held a supper and social on Wednesday evening which was largely attended. The Christmas entertainment is entitled "Joyful Tidings," and will be held at the church on Monday evening.

The topic for the Friday evening's Devotional meeting of the Epworth League was "Lessons of the Manger," and it was presented in a most interesting manner by Miss Grace C. Ward.

Mr. George H. Taber of New York was a visitor here the past week.

# MASQUERADER

By Katherine Cecil Thurston,  
Author of "The Circle," Etc.

## CHAPTER VI.

ALL the next day Chilcote moved in a fever of excitement. Cold with fever the next, he rushed with restless energy into every task that presented itself, only to drop it as speedily. Twice during the morning he drove to the entrance of Clifford's inn, but each time his courage failed him and he returned to Grosvenor square to learn that the expected message from Loder had not come.

It was a worrying condition of mind, but at worst it was scarcely more than an exaggeration of what his state had been for months and made but little obvious difference in his bearing or manner.

In the afternoon he took his place in the house, but, though it was his first appearance since his failure of two days ago, he drew but small personal notice. When he chose, his manner could repel advances with extreme effect, and of late men had been prone to draw away from him.

In one of the lobbies he encountered Fraide surrounded by a group of friends. With his usual furtive haste he would have passed on, but moving away from his party the old man accosted him. He was always courteously particular in his treatment of Chilcote, as the husband of his ward and god-child.

"Better, Chilcote," he said, holding out his hand. At the sound of the low, rather faint tones, so characteristic of the old man, a hundred memories rose to Chilcote's mind, a hundred hours wasted in the living and unbearable in the reflection, and with them the new hope of hope, the new possibility of freedom. In a sudden rush of confidence he turned to his leader.

"I believe I've found a remedy for my nerves," he said. "I believe I'm going to be a new man." He laughed with a touch of excitement. Fraide pressed his fingers kindly. "That is right," he said. "That is right. I called at Grosvenor square this morning, but I've told me your illness of the other day was not serious. She was very busy this morning. She could only spare me a quarter of an hour. She is indefatigable over the social side of your prospects, Chilcote. You owe her a large debt. A popular wife means a great deal to a politician."

The steady eyes of his companion disturbed Chilcote.

He drew away his hand. "Eve is unique," he said vaguely. Fraide smiled. "That is right," he said again. "Admiration is too largely excluded from modern marriages. And with a courteous excuse he rejoined his friends.

It was dinner time before Chilcote could desert the house, but the moment departure was possible he hurried to Grosvenor square.

As he entered the house the hall was empty. He swore irritably under his breath and pressed the nearest bell. Since his momentary exaltation in Fraide's presence his spirits had steadily fallen until now they hung at the lowest ebb.

As he waited in unconcealed impatience for an answer to his summons he caught sight of his man Allsopp at the head of the stairs.

"Come here!" he called, pleased to find some one upon whom to vent his irritation. "Has that wire come for me?"

"No, sir. I inquired five minutes back."

"Inquire again."

"Yes, sir," Allsopp disappeared.

A second later after his disappearance the bell of the hall door whizzed loudly.

Chilcote started. All sudden sounds, like all strong lights, affected him. He half moved to the door, then stopped himself with a short exclamation. At the same instant Allsopp reappeared.

Chilcote turned on him excitedly.

"What the devil's the meaning of this?" he said. "A battery of servants in the house and nobody to open the hall door?"

Allsopp looked embarrassed. "Crap-ham is coming directly, sir. He only left the hall to ask Jeffrey."

Chilcote turned. "Confound Crap-ham!" he exclaimed. "Go and open the door yourself."

Allsopp hesitated, his dignity struggling with his obedience. As he waited the bell sounded again.

"Did you hear me?" Chilcote said.

"Yes, sir," Allsopp crossed the hall.

As the door was opened Chilcote passed his handkerchief from one hand to the other in the tension of hope and fear, then as the sound of his own name in the shrill tones of a telegraph bell reached his ears he let the handkerchief drop to the ground.

Allsopp took the yellow envelope and carried it to his master.

"A telegram, sir," he said. "And the boy wishes to know if there is an answer." Picking up Chilcote's handkerchief, he turned aside with elaborate dignity.

Chilcote's hands were so unsteady that he could scarcely insert his finger under the flap of the envelope. Tearing off a corner, he wrangled the covering apart and smoothed out the flimsy pink paper.

The message was very simple, consisting of but seven words:

Shall expect you at 11 tonight.

Loder.

He read it two or three times, then he looked up. "No answer," he said mechanically, and to his own ears the relief in his voice sounded harsh and unnatural.

Exactly as the clocks chimed 11 Chilcote mounted the stairs to Loder's rooms. But this time there was more of haste than of uncertainty in his steps, and, reaching the landing, he

crossed it in a couple of strides and knocked feverishly on the door.

It opened at once, and Loder stood before him.

The occasion was peculiar. For a moment neither spoke; each involuntarily looked at the other with new eyes and under changed conditions. Each had assumed a fresh standpoint in the other's thought. The passing astonishment, the half impersonal curiosity that had previously tinged their relationship, was cast aside, never to be resumed. In each the other saw himself—and some thing more.

As usual, Loder was the first to recover himself.

"I was expecting you," he said.

"Won't you come in?"

The words were almost the same as his word of the night before, but his voice had a different ring, just as his face when he drew back into the room had a different expression—a suggestion of decision and energy that had been lacking before. Chilcote caught the difference as he crossed the threshold, and for a bare second a flicker of something like jealousy touched him, but the sensation was fleeting.

"I have to thank you," he said, holding out his hand. He was too well bred to show by a hint that he understood the drop in the other's principles, but Loder broke down the artifice.

"Let's be straight with each other, since everybody else has to be deceived," he said, taking the other's hand.

"You have nothing to thank me for, and you know it. It's a touch of the old Adam. You tempted me, and I fell." He laughed, but below the laugh ran a note of something like triumph—the curious triumph of a man who has known the tyranny of strength and suddenly appreciates the freedom of a weakness.

"You fully realize the thing you have proposed?" he added in a different tone. "It's not too late to retract even now."

Chilcote opened his lips, paused, then laughed in imitation of his companion, but the laugh sounded forced.

"My dear fellow," he said at last, "I never retract."

"Never?"

"No."

"Then the bargain's sealed."

Loder walked slowly across the room and, taking up his position by the mantelpiece, looked at his companion. The similarity between them as they faced each other seemed abnormal, defying even the closest scrutiny. And yet, so mysterious is nature even in her lapses, they were subtly, indefinitely different.

Chilcote was Loder deprived of one essential; Loder, Chilcote with that essential bestowed. The difference lay neither in feature, in coloring nor in height, but in that baffling, elusive inner illumination that some call individuality and others soul.

Something of this idea, misted and tangled by nervous imagination, crossed Chilcote's mind at that moment of scrutiny, but he shrank from it apprehensively.

"I came to discuss details," he said quickly, crossing the space that divided him from his host. "Shall we?—Are you?" He paused uneasily.

"I'm entirely in your hands," Loder spoke with abrupt decision. Moving to the table, he indicated a chair and drew another forward for himself.

Both men sat down.

Chilcote leaned forward, resting elbows on the table. "There will be several things to consider," he began nervously, looking across at the other.

"Quite so," Loder glanced back appreciatively. "I thought about those things the better part of last night. To begin with, I must study your handwriting. I guarantee to get it right, but it will take a month."

"A month?"

"Well, perhaps three weeks. We mustn't make a mess of things."

Chilcote shifted his position.

"Three weeks?" he repeated. "Couldn't you?"

"No, I couldn't," Loder spoke authoritatively. "I might never want to put pen to paper; but, on the other hand, I might have to sign a check one day." He laughed. "Have you ever thought of that—that I might have to, or want to, sign a check?"

"No, I confess that escaped me."

"You risk your fortune that you may keep the place it bought for you?" Loder laughed again. "How do you know that I am not a blackguard?" he added. "How do you know that I won't clear out one day and leave you high and dry? What is to prevent John Chilcote from realizing £40,000 or £50,000 and then making himself scarce?"

"You won't do that," Chilcote said, with unusual decision. "I told you your weakness last night, and it wasn't money. Money isn't the rock you'll split over."

"Then you think I'll split upon some rock? But that's beyond the question. To get to business again. You'll risk my studying your signature?"

Chilcote nodded.

"Right! Now item two. Loder counted on his fingers. "I must know the names and faces of your men friends as far as I can. Your woman friends don't count. While I'm you, you will be adamant." He laughed again pleasantly. "But the men are essential—the backbone of the whole business."

"I have no men friends. I don't trust the idea of friendship."

"Acquaintances, then."

Chilcote looked up sharply. "I think we score there," he said. "I have a reputation for absentmindedness that will carry you anywhere. They tell me I can look through the most substantial man in the house as if he were glass, though I may have lunched with him the same day."

Loder smiled. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Fate must have been constructing this before either of us was born. It dovetails ridiculously. But I must know your colleagues, even if it's only to cut them. You'll have to take me to the house."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all!" Again the tone of authority fell to Loder. "I can pull my hat over my eyes and turn up my coat collar. Nobody will notice me."

"We can choose the fall of the afternoon. I promise you 'I'll be all right.'"

"Suppose the likeness should leak out? It's a risk."

Loder laughed confidently. "Tush, man! Likeness is the salt of life. I must see you at your post, and I must see the men you work with." He rose, walked across the room and took his pipe from the rack. "When I go in for a thing I like, to go in over head and ears," he added as he opened his tobacco jar.

His pipe filled, he resumed his seat, resting his elbows on the table in unconscious imitation of Chilcote.

"Got a match?" he said laconically, holding out his hand.

In response Chilcote drew his match box from his pocket and struck a light. As their hands touched an exclamation escaped him.

"By Jove!" he said, with a fretful mixture of disappointment and surprise. "I hadn't noticed that!" His eyes were fixed in annoyed interest on Loder's extended hand.

Loder, following his glance, smiled. "Odd that we should both have overlooked it! It clean escaped my mind. It's rather an ugly scar." He lifted his hand till the light fell more fully on it. Above the second joint of the third finger ran a jagged furrow, the reminder of a wound that had once laid bare the bone.

Chilcote leaned forward. "How did you come by it?" he asked.

The other shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, that's ancient history."

"The results are present day enough. It's very awkward, very annoying!"

Loder, still looking at his hand, didn't seem to hear. "There's only one thing to be done," he said. "Each wear two rings on the third finger of the left hand. Two rings ought to cover it." He made a speculative measurement with the stem of his pipe.

Chilcote looked irritable and disturbed. "I detest rings. I never wear rings."

Loder raised his eyes calmly. "Neither do I," he said. "but there's no reason for bigotry."

But Chilcote's irritability was started. He pushed back his chair. "I don't like the idea," he said.

The other eyed him amusedly. "What a queer beggar you are!" he said. "You waive the danger of a man signing your checks and shy at wearing a piece of jewelry. I'll have a fair share of individuality to study."

Chilcote moved restlessly. "Everybody knows I detest jewelry."

"Everybody knows you are capricious. It's got to be the rings or nothing, so far as I make out."

Chilcote again altered his position, avoiding the other's eyes. At last, after a struggle with himself, he looked up.

"I suppose you're right," he said. "Have it your own way." It was the first small, tangible concession to the stronger will.

Loder took his victory quietly. "Good!" he said. "Then it's all straight sailing."

"Except for the matter of the remuneration," Chilcote hazarded the word uncertainly.

There was a faint pause; then Loder laughed brusquely. "My pay?"

The other was embarrassed. "I didn't want to put it quite like that."

"But that was what you thought. Why are you never honest—even with yourself?"

Chilcote drew his chair closer to the table. He did not attend to the other's remark, but his fingers strayed to his waistcoat pocket and fumbled there.

Loder saw the gesture. "Look here," he said, "you are overtaxing yourself. The affair of the pay isn't pressing. We'll shelve it to another night. You look tired out."

Chilcote lifted his eyes with a relieved glance. "Thanks. I do feel a bit fatigued. If I may, I'll have that whisky that I refused last night."

"Why, certainly," Loder rose at once and crossed to a cupboard in the wall. In silence he brought out whisky, glasses, and a siphon of soda water.

"Say when!" he said, lifting the whisky.

"Now. And I'll have plain water instead of soda, if it's all the same."

"Oh, quite," Loder recrossed the room. Instantly his back was turned.

Chilcote drew his chair closer to the table. He did not attend to the other's remark, but his fingers strayed to his waistcoat pocket and fumbled there.

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CHAPTER VII.

It was a little less than three weeks since Chilcote and Loder had drunk their toast and again Loder was seated at his desk.

His head was bent and his hand moved carefully as he traced line after line of meaningless words on a sheet of foolscap. Having covered the page with writing, he rose, moved to the center table and computed his task with an open letter that lay there. The comparison seemed to please him. He straightened his shoulders and threw back his head in an attitude of critical satisfaction. So absorbed was he that when a step sounded on the stairs outside he did not notice it, and only raised his head when the door was thrown open unceremoniously. Even then his interest was momentary.

"Hello!" he said, his eyes returning to the scrutiny of his task.

Chilcote shut the door and came hastily across the room. He looked ill and harassed. As he reached Loder he put out his hand nervously and touched his arm.

Loder looked up. "What is it?" he asked. "Any new development?"

Chilcote tried to smile. "Yes," he said huskily. "It's come."

Loder freed his arm. "What? The end of the world?"

"No. The end of me." The words came jerkily, the strain that had enforced them showing in every syllable.

Still Loder was incomprehending. He could not or would not understand. Again Chilcote caught and jerked at his sleeve. "Don't you see? Can't you see?"

"No."

Chilcote dropped the sleeve and passed his handkerchief across his forehead. "It's come," he repeated. "Don't you understand? I want you." He drew away, then stepped back again anxiously. "I know I'm talking you unaware," he said. "But it's not my fault. On my soul, it's not! The thing seems to spring at me and grip me!" He stopped, sinking weakly into a chair.

For a moment Loder stood erect and immovable. Then, almost with reluctance, his glance turned to the figure beside him.

"You want me to take your place tonight, without preparation?" His voice was distinct and firm, but it was free from contempt.

"Yes; yes, I do," Chilcote spoke without looking up.

"That you may spend the night in morphine—this and other nights?"

Chilcote lifted a flushed, unsettled face. "You have no right to preach. You accepted the bargain."

Loder raised his head quickly. "I never!" he began. Then both his face and voice altered. "You are quite right," he said coldly. "You won't have to complain again."

Chilcote stirred uncomfortably. "My dear chap," he said, "I meant no offense. It's merely—"

"Your nerves, I know. But come to business. What am I to do?"

Chilcote rose excitedly. "Yes, business. Let's come to business. It's rough on you, taking you short like this. But you have an erratic person to deal with. I've had a horrible day—a horrible day." His face had paled again, and in the green lamplight it possessed a grayish hue. Involuntarily Loder turned away.

Chilcote watched him as he passed to the desk and began mechanically sorting papers. "A horrible day," he repeated, "so bad that I don't face the night. You have read De Quincey?" he asked, with a sudden change of tone.

"Yes."

"Then read him again and you'll understand. I have all the horrors without any art. I have no 'ladies of sorrow'; but I have worse monsters than his 'crowd'." He laughed unpleasantly.

Loder turned. "Why, in the devil's name!" he began; then again he halted. Something in Chilcote's drawn, excited face checked him. The strange sense of predestination that sometimes see in the eyes of another struck cold upon him, chilling his last attempt at remonstrance. "What do you want me to do?" he substituted in an ordinary voice.

The words steadied Chilcote. He laughed a little. The laugh was still shaky, but it was pitched in a lower key.

"You—you're quite right to pull me up. We have no time to waste. It must be 1 o'clock." He pulled out his watch, then walked to the window and stood looking down into the shadowy court. "How quiet you are here!" he said. Then abruptly a new thought struck him, and he wheeled back into the room. "Loder," he said quickly—

"Loder, I have an idea! While you are me, why shouldn't I be you? Why shouldn't I be John Loder instead of the vagrant we contemplated? It covers everything; it explains everything. It's magnificent! I'm amazed we never thought of it before."

Loder was still beside the desk. "I thought of it!" he said without looking back.

"And didn't suggest it?"

"No."

"Why?"

Loder said nothing, and the other colored.



## TO SNUFF VOLCANOES.

## Startling Discovery Made by An Australian.

Volcanoes can easily be extinguished, says the New York Herald. A New Zealand man claims (and there are many who agree with him) to have discovered a liquid by means of which volcanoes may be extinguished quickly whether active or threatening.

Many diseases of the human body are in the same manner as volcanoes. Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Disorders, Female Diseases and many others all begin with a slight rumble of pain and distress, and if not treated in time will burst forth in all their fury, causing all who are so afflicted the most intense suffering and making life a complete burden.

That a liquid has been discovered that will extinguish these volcanic eruptions of disease, whether active or threatening, is not only certain but a material fact.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY is this liquid discovery. THE WONDERFUL CURATIVE powers of this famous remedy have cut a new path through the field of medicine, sweeping with it a startling record of tremendous success.

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## Ristori's Too Grateful Soldier.

During Ristori's first engagement at Madrid an elderly woman one night gained access to her dressing room and tearfully begged her intervention on behalf of her son, a young soldier condemned to death for a serious breach of discipline. At the close of the performance Ristori was presented to Queen Isabella, made the required appeal and obtained the young man's free pardon, perhaps because it gave to the queen the opportunity of a note—that she was certain the actress had never before played in a tragedy with such a happy ending. Some years later Ristori again visited Madrid. During the first performance a soldier among the audience made a disturbance, was ejected only after severely damaging a number of policemen and was subsequently sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. He proved to be Ristori's former protégé, who, hearing of her return, had come to the theater in order to renew his expression of gratitude. Unfortunately he had drunk her health too enthusiastically beforehand, with the result that he finally owed her not only his life, but free board and lodging for several years into the bargain.—London Truth.

## New and Old Bank Bills.

According to the Washington Post, quoting a cashier, bank officials do not prefer fresh new bills to old ones. "Everybody doesn't care for new greenbacks," said a cashier. "It is a common idea that bank tellers do not care to give up crisp paper money. As a matter of fact, nine cashiers out of every ten try to get rid of new money as quickly as possible after receiving it. There is grave danger to the average paying teller in handling unused money. New bank notes stick together. Frequently the ink is not thoroughly dry. During our rush period we handle a great deal of money. It is the easiest thing in the world to make mistakes with new bills when in a hurry to relieve a long line of waiting patrons. When possible we give out the new bills during hours when there is no rush. I'd rather pay out a million old bills than a hundred new ones."

## Running For Exercise.

A professional runner gives the following suggestions for exercise: Rise at 6:30 a. m. Put on old clothing, easy shoes and a sweater. Time for dressing, five minutes. Walk one-fourth of a mile; time, five minutes. Then run a mile at a dog trot in eight minutes, arranging your circuit of a mile and a quarter so that you will finish at your door thirteen minutes after starting. That exercise will expand your lungs and stimulate your heart action and land you at your doorstep at 6:48 a. m. panting for breath, thoroughly exhausted and perspiring at every pore. You are then ready for your bath and shave and breakfast and for the natural routine of the day. The man of sedentary habits who patiently pursues this exercise may kiss all drugs goodby.

## THE MASQUERADER.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

country after five years' wandering."

He laughed with a touch of irony. "But I won't take up your time with details. You know the progress of an ordinary love affair. Throw in a few more flowers and a little more sunshine than is usual, a man who is practically a hermit and a woman who knows the world by heart and you have the whole thing."

"She insisted on staying in Santasalar for three days in order to keep my finger banded. She ended by staying three weeks in the hope of smashing up my life."

"On coming to the hotel she had given no name, and in our first explanations to each other she led me to conclude her an unmarried girl. It was at the end of the three weeks that I learned that she was not a free agent, as I had innocently imagined, but possessed a husband whom she had left in the hospital at Florence or Rome."

"The news disconcerted me, and I took no pains to hide it. After that the end came abruptly. In her eyes I had become a fool with middle class principles; in my eyes—But there is no need for that. She left Santasalar the same night in a great confusion of trunks and hatboxes, and next morning I strapped on my knapsack and turned my face to the south."

"And women don't count ever after?" Chilcote smiled, beguiled out of himself.

Loder laughed. "That's what I've been trying to convey. Once bitten, twice shy!" He laughed again and slipped the two rings over his finger with an air of finality.

"Now, shall I start? This is the latch-key?" He drew a key from the pocket of Chilcote's evening clothes. "When I get to Grosvenor square I am to find your house, go straight in, mount the stairs and there on my right hand will be the door of your—I mean my own—private rooms. I think I've got it by heart. I feel inspired. I feel that I can't go wrong." He handed the two remaining rings to Chilcote and picked up the overcoat.

"I'll stick on this I get a wire," he said. "Then I'll come back and we'll reverse again." He slipped on the coat and moved back toward the table. Now that the decisive moment had come it embarrassed him. Scarcely knowing how to bring it to an end, he held out his hand.

Chilcote took it, paling a little. "Twill be all right," he said, with a sudden return of nervousness. "Twill be all right! And I've made it plain about about the remuneration? A hundred a week, besides all expenses." Loder smiled again. "My pay? Oh, yes, you've made it clear as day. Shall we say good night now?"

"Yes. Good night." There was a strange, distant note in Chilcote's voice, but the other did not pretend to hear it. He pressed the hand he was holding, though the cold dampness of it repelled him.

"Good night," he said again. "Good night."

They stood for a moment awkwardly looking at each other, then Loder quietly disengaged his hand, crossed the room and passed through the door. Chilcote, left standing alone in the middle of the room, listened while the last sound of the other's footsteps was audible on the uncarpeted stairs. Then, with a furtive, hurried gesture, he caught up the green shaded lamp and passed into Loder's bedroom.

## CHAPTER VIII.

TO all men come portentous moments. Difficult moments, trying moments. Loder had had his examples of all three, but no moment in his career ever equaled in strangeness of sensation that in which, dressed in another man's clothes, he fitted the latchkey for the first time into the door of the other man's house.

The act was quietly done. The key fitted the lock smoothly, and his fingers turned it without hesitation, though his heart, usually extremely steady, beat sharply for a second. The hall loomed massive and somber, despite the modernity of electric lights. It was darkly and expensively decorated in black and brown; a frieze of wrought bronze, representing peacocks with outspread tails, ornamented the walls; the banisters were of heavy ironwork, and the somewhat formidable fireplace was of the same dark metal.

Loder looked about him, then advanced, his heart again beating quickly as his hand touched the cold banister and he began his ascent of the stairs. But at each step his confidence strengthened, his feet became more firm until, at the head of the stairs, as if to disprove his assurance, his pulses played him false once more. From this time to a more serious time. From the further end of a well lighted corridor a maid was coming straight in his direction.

For one short second all things seemed to whiz about him: the certainty of detection overpowered his mind. The indisputable knowledge that he was John Loder and no other, despite all armor of effrontery and dress, so dominated him that all other considerations shrank before it. It wanted but one word, one simple word of denunciation, and the whole scheme was shattered. In the dismay of the moment he almost wished that the word might be spoken and the suspense ended.

But the maid came on in silence, and so incredible was the silence that Loder moved onward too. He came within a yard of her, and still she did not speak. Then, as he passed her, she drew back respectfully against the wall.

The strain, so astonishingly short, had been immense, but with its slackening came a strong reaction. The expected humiliation settled suddenly to a desire to dare fate. Pausing quickly, he turned and called the woman back.

The spot where he had halted was vividly bright, the ceiling light being directly above his head, and as she came toward him he raised his face deliberately and waited.

She looked at him without surprise or interest. "Yes, sir?" she said.

"Is your mistress in?" he asked. He could think of no other question, but it served his purpose as a test of his voice.

Still the woman showed no surprise. "She's not in, sir," she answered. "But she's expected in half an hour."

"In half an hour? All right. That's all I wanted." With a movement of decision Loder walked back to the stair head, turned to the right and opened the door of Chilcote's rooms.

The door opened on a short, wide passage. On one side stood the study, on the other the bed, bath and dressing rooms. With a blind sense of knowledge and unfamiliarity, bred of much description on Chilcote's part, he put his hand on the study door and, still exalted by the omen of his first success, turned the handle.

Inside the room there was firelight and lamplight and a studious air of peace. The realization of this and a slow incredulity at Chilcote's voluntary renunciation were his first impressions. Then his attention was needed for more important things.

As he entered the new secretary was returning a volume to its place on the book shelves. At sight of him he pushed it hastily into position and turned round.

"I was making a few notes on the political position of Khorasan," he said, glancing with slight apprehensiveness at the other's face. He was a small, shy man, with few social attainments, but an extraordinary amount of learning—the antithesis of the alert Blessington, whom he had replaced.

Loder bore his scrutiny without flinching. Indeed, it struck him suddenly that there was a fund of interest, almost of excitement, in the encountering of each new pair of eyes. At the thought he moved forward to the desk.

"Thank you, Greening," he said. "A very useful bit of work."

The secretary glanced up, slightly puzzled. His endurance had been severely taxed in the fourteen days that he had filled his new post.

"I'm glad you think so, sir," he said, hesitatingly. "You rather postpooled the matter this morning, if you remember."

Loder was taking off his coat, but stopped in the operation.

"This morning?" he said. "Oh, did I? Did I? Then struck by the opportunity the words gave him he turned toward the secretary. "You've got to get used to me, Greening," he said. "You haven't quite grasped me yet, I can see. I'm a man of moods, you know. Up to the present you've seen my black side, my jaded side, but I have quite another when I care to show it. I'm a sort of Jekyll and Hyde affair." Again he laughed, and Greening echoed the sound diffidently. Chilcote had evidently discouraged familiarity.

Loder eyed him with abrupt understanding. He recognized the loneliness in the anxious, conciliatory manner. "You're tired," he said kindly. "Go to bed. I've got some thinking to do. Good night." He held out his hand.

Greening took it, still half distrustful of this fresh side to so complex a man.

"Good night, sir," he said. "Tomorrow, if you approve, I shall go on with my notes. I hope you will have a restful night."

For a second Loder's eyebrows went up, but he recovered himself instantly. "Ah, thanks, Greening," he said. "Thanks. I think your hope will be fulfilled."

He watched the little secretary move softly and apologetically to the door, then he walked to the fire and, resting his elbows on the mantelpiece, he took his face in his hands.

For a space he stood absolutely quiet, then his hands dropped to his sides, and he turned slowly round. In that short space he had balanced things and found his bearings. The slight nervousness shown in his brusque sentences and overconfident manner faded out, and he faced facts steadily.

With the return of his calmness he took a long survey of the room. His glance brightened appreciatively as it traveled from the walls lined with well bound books to the lamps modulated to the proper light; from the lamps to the desk fitted with every requirement. Nothing was lacking. All he had once possessed, all he had since dreamed of, was here, but on a greater scale. To enjoy the luxuries of life a man must go long without them. Loder had lived severely—so severely that until three weeks ago he had believed himself exempt from the temptations of humanity. Then the voice of the world and spoken, and within him another voice had answered with a tone so clamorous and insistent that it had outcried his surprised and incredulous wonder at its existence and its claims. That had been the voice of suppressed ambition, and now as he stood in the new atmosphere a newer voice lifted itself. The joy of material things rose suddenly, overbalancing the last remnant of the philosophy he had reared. He saw all things in a fresh light—the soft carpets, the soft lights, the numberless pleasant, unnecessary things that color the passing landscape and all the wheels of life. This was power—power made manifest. The choice bindings of one's books, the quiet harmony of one's surroundings, the gratifying deference of one's dependents—these were the visible, the outward signs, the thing she had forgotten.

Crossing the room slowly, he lifted and looked at the different papers on the desk. They had a substantial feeling, an importance, an air of value. They were like the solemn keys to so many vexed problems. Beside the papers were a heap of letters neatly arranged and as yet unopened. He turned them over one by one. They were all thick and interesting to look at, the smiles as he recalled his own scanty mail—envelopes long and bulky or narrow and thin, unwelcome manuscripts or very welcome checks. Having sorted the letters, he hesitated. It was his life task to open them, but he had never in his life opened an envelope addressed to another man.

He stood uncertain, weighing them in his hand. Then all at once a look of attention and surprise crossed his face, and he raised his head. Some one had unmistakably passed outside the door which Greening had left ajar. There was a moment of apparent doubt, then a stir of skirts, a quick, uncertain knock, and the intruder entered.

one had unmistakably passed outside the door which Greening had left ajar.

There was a moment of apparent doubt, then a stir of skirts, a quick, uncertain knock, and the intruder entered.

For a couple of seconds she stood in the doorway; then as Loder made no effort to speak she moved into the room. She had apparently but just returned from some entertainment, for, though she had drawn off her long gloves, she was still wearing an evening cloak of lace and fur.

That she was Chilcote's wife Loder instinctively realized the moment she entered the room. But a disconcerting confusion of ideas was all that followed the knowledge. He stood by the desk, silent and awkward, trying to fit his expectations to his knowledge. Then, faced by the helplessness of the task, he turned abruptly and looked at her again.

She had taken off her cloak and was standing by the fire. The compulsion of moving through life alone had set its seal upon her in a certain self-possession, a certain confidence of pose, yet her figure as Loder then saw it, backbowed by the dark books and gowned in pale blue, had a suggestion of youthfulness that seemed a contradiction. The remembrance of Chilcote's epithets "cold" and "unsympathetic" came back to him with something like astonishment. He felt no uncertainty, no dread of discovery and humiliation in her presence as he had felt in the maid's, yet there was something in her face that made him infinitely more uncomfortable, a look he could find no name for, a friendliness that studiously covered another feeling, whether question, distrust or actual dislike he could not say. With a strange sensation of awkwardness he sorted Chilcote's letters, waiting for her to speak.

As if divining his thought she turned toward him. "I'm afraid I rather intrude," she said. "If you are busy?"

His sense of courtesy was touched. He had begun life with a high opinion of women, and the words shook up an echo of the old sentiment. "Don't think that," he said hastily. "I was only looking through—my letters. You mustn't rate yourself below letters." He was conscious that his tone was hurried, but Eve did not appear to notice. Unlike Greening, she took the new manner without surprise. She had known Chilcote for six years.

"I dined with the Fraides tonight," she said. "Mr. Fraide sent you a message."

Unconsciously Loder smiled. There was humor in the thought of a message to him from the great Fraide. To hide his amusement he wheeled one of the big lounge chairs forward.

"Indeed," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

They were near together now, and he saw her face more fully. Again he was taken aback. Chilcote had spoken of her as successful and intelligent, but never as beautiful. Yet her beauty was a rare and uncommon fact. Her hair was black—not a glossy black, but the dusky black that is softer than any brown—her eyes were large and of a peculiarly pure blue, and her eyelashes were black, beautifully curved and of remarkable thickness.

"Won't you sit down?" he said again, cutting short his thoughts with some confusion.

"Thank you." She gravely accepted the proffered chair. But he saw that without any ostentation she drew her skirts aside as she passed him. The action displeased him unaccountably.

"Well," he said shortly, "what had Fraide to say?" He walked to the mantelpiece with his customary movement and stood watching her. The instinct toward hiding his face had left him. Her instant and uninterested acceptance of him almost nettled him. His own half contemptuous impression of Chilcote came to him unpleasantly and with it the first desire to assert his own individuality. Stung by the conflicting emotions, he felt in Chilcote's pockets for something to smoke.

Eve saw and interpreted the action. "Are these your cigarettes?" She leaned toward a small table and took up a box made of lizard skin.

"Thanks." He took the box from her, and as it passed from one to the other he saw her glance at his rings. The glance was momentary. Her lips parted to express question or surprise, then closed again without comment. More than any spoken words the incident showed him the gulf that separated husband and wife.

"Well," he said again, "what about Fraide?"

At his words she sat straighter and looked at him more directly, as if bracing herself to a task.

"Mr. Fraide is—is as interested as ever in you," she began.

"Or in you?" Loder made the interruption precisely as he felt Chilcote would have made it. Then instantly he wished the words back.

Eve's warm skin colored more deeply. For a second the inscrutable underlying expression that puzzled him showed in her eyes, then she sank back into a corner of the chair.

"Why do you make such a point of sneering at my friends?" she asked quietly. "I overlook it when you are nervous." She halted slightly on the word. "But you are not nervous tonight."

Loder, to his great humiliation, reddened. Except for an occasional outburst on the part of Mrs. Robins, his charwoman, he had not merited a woman's displeasure for years.

"The sneer was unintentional," he said.

For the first time Eve showed a personal interest. She looked at him in a puzzled way. "If your apology was meant," she said hesitatingly, "I should be glad to accept it."

Loder, uncertain of how to take the words, moved back to the desk. He carried an unlighted cigarette between his fingers.

There was an interval in which neither spoke. Then at last, conscious of its awkwardness, Eve rose. With one hand on the back of her chair she looked at him.

"Mr. Fraide thinks it's such a pity that"—she stopped to choose her words—"that you should lose hold on things—lose interest in things—as you are doing. He has been thinking a good deal

about you in the last three weeks, ever since the day of your—your illness in the house, and it seems to him"—again she broke off, watching Loder's averted



"I'll think over what you've said," he repeated.

ed head—"It seems to him that if you made one real effort now, even now, to shake off your restlessness that your—your health might improve. He thinks that the present crisis would be"—she hesitated—"would give you a tremendous opportunity. Your trade interests, bound up as they are with Persia, would give any opinion you might hold a double weight." Almost unconsciously a touch of warmth crept into her words.

"Mr. Fraide talked very seriously about the beginning of your career. He said that if only the spirit of your first days could come back"—Her tone grew quicker, as though she feared ridicule in Loder's silence. "He asked me to use my influence. I know that I have little—none, perhaps—but I couldn't tell him that, and so—so I promised."

"And have kept the promise?" Loder spoke at random. Her manner and her words had both affected him. There was a sensation of unreality in his brain.

"Yes," she answered. "I always want to do—what I can."

"As she spoke a sudden realization of the effort she was making struck upon him, and with it his scorn of Chilcote rose in renewed force.

"My intention"—he began, turning to her. "Then the futility of any declaration silenced him. 'I shall think over what you say,' he added after a minute's wait. 'I suppose I can't say more than that.'"

Their eyes met and she smiled a little.

"I don't believe I expected as much," she said. "I think I'll go now. You have been wonderfully patient." Again she smiled slightly, at the same time extending her hand. The gesture was quite friendly, but in Loder's eyes it held relief as well as friendliness, and when their hands met he noticed that her fingers barely brushed his.

He picked up her cloak and carried it across the room. As he held the door open he laid it quietly across her arm.

"I'll think over what you've said," he repeated.

Again she glanced at him as if suspecting sarcasm. Then, partly reassured, she paused. "You will always despise your opportunities, and I suppose I shall always envy them," she said. "That's the way with men and women. Good night." With another faint smile she passed out into the corridor.

Loder waited until he heard the outer door close, then he crossed the room thoughtfully and dropped into the chair she had vacated. He sat for a time looking at the hand her fingers had touched. Then he lifted his head with a characteristic movement.

"By Jove," he said aloud, "how cordially she detests him!"

## CHAPTER IX.

Loder slept soundly and dreamlessly in Chilcote's canopy bed. To him the big room, with its severe magnificence, suggested nothing of the gloom and solitude that it held in its owner's eyes. The ponderous furniture, the high ceiling, the heavy curtains, unchanged since the days of Chilcote's grandfather, all hinted at a far reaching ownership that stirred him. The ownership was mythical in his regard and the possessions a mirage, but they filled the day and surely sufficient for the day.

That was his frame of mind as he opened his eyes on the following morning and lay appreciative of his comfort, of the surrounding space, even of the light that filtered through the curtain chinks, suggestive of a world recreated. With day all things seemed possible to a healthy man. He stretched his arms luxuriously, delighting in the glossy smoothness of the sheets.

What was it Chilcote had said? Better live for a day than exist for a lifetime. That was true, and life had begun. At thirty-six he was to know it for the first time.

He smiled, but without irony. Man is at his best at thirty-six, he mused. He has retained his enthusiasms and shed his exuberances; he has learned what to pick up and what to pass by; he no longer imagines that to drain a cup one must taste the dregs. He closed his eyes and stretched again not his arms only, but his whole body. The pleasure of his mental state insisted on a physical expression. Then, sitting up in bed, he pressed the electric bell.

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX.

## CASTORIA

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## Price of Coke

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## Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels,	\$4.50
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## CANAL MESSAGE

Conditions as President Saw Them  
In Panama.

## WORK ON THE BIG DITCH

First Great Problem Was Sanitation, Which Has Been Satisfactorily Solved—Health Showing Remarkably Good—Satisfactory Quarters For Employees and No Cause For Complaint About Food—Chinese Labor to Be Tried—Plan to Build by Contract

President Roosevelt transmitted to congress a special message giving the results of his observations during his recent inspection of the Panama canal work of his recommendations thereon. The message was accompanied by photographs taken on the isthmus and by various official reports, mortality tables, etc.

Beginning with his arrival at Colon on the battleship Louisiana at 2:30 p. m. Wednesday, Nov. 14, the president says:

I chose the month of November for my visit partly because it is the rainiest month of the year, the month in which the work goes forward at the greatest disadvantage and one of the two months which the French Canal company found most unhealthy.

Immediately after we anchored (Wednesday, Nov. 14) there was a violent storm of wind and rain. From that time we did not again see the sun until Saturday morning. It would have been impossible to see the work going on under more unfavorable weather conditions.

At the outset I wish to pay a tribute to the amount of work done by the French Canal company under very difficult circumstances. This country has never made a better investment than the \$40,000,000 which it paid to the French company for work and betterments, including especially the Panama railroad.

An inspection on the ground at the height of the rainy season served to convince me of the wisdom of congress in refusing to adopt either a high level or a sea level canal. There seems to be a universal agreement among all people competent to judge that the Panama route, the one actually chosen, is much superior to both the Nicaragua and Darien routes.

The wisdom of the canal management has been shown in nothing more clearly than in the way in which the foundations of the work have been laid.

## Preliminary Work

The first great problem to be solved, upon the solution of which the success of the rest of the work depended, was the problem of sanitation. This was from the outset under the direction of Dr. W. C. Gorgas. The results have been astounding. The isthmus had been a byword for deadly unhealthfulness. Now, after two years of our occupation, the conditions as regards sickness and the death rate compare favorably with reasonably healthy localities in the United States. Especial care has been devoted to minimizing the risk due to those species of mosquitoes which have been found to propagate malarial and yellow fever. As a matter of fact, but a single mosquito, and this not of the dangerous species, was seen by any member of our party during my three days on the isthmus. Equal care is taken by the inspectors of the health department to secure cleanliness in the houses and proper hygienic conditions of every kind.

I inspected the large hospitals at Ancon and Colon, which are excellent examples of what tropical hospitals should be. I also inspected the receiving hospitals in various settlements. Both white men and black men are treated exactly alike, and their treatment is as good as that which could be obtained in our first-class hospitals at home.

## A Good Health Showing

In October there were 99 deaths among the employees of the isthmus. There were then on the rolls 3500 whites, seven-eighths of them Americans. Of these whites but two died of disease, and neither was an American. Of the 6000 white Americans, including some 1200 women and children, not a single death has occurred in the past three months, whereas in an average city in the United States the number of deaths for a similar number of people in that time would have been about 30 from disease. This very remarkable showing cannot, of course, permanently obtain, but it certainly goes to prove that if good care is taken the isthmus is not a particularly unhealthy place.

[The president describes in detail the work of sanitation in Panama, Colon and other places, where there are well paved streets and fine drainage systems.]

## As to Quarters and Food

The president says that accommodations were found comfortable, food good, plenty and not expensive. Complaints of employees are few and these few are so varied as to be unimportant. The houses occupied by employees are good and clean, and the people generally are well satisfied with their surroundings. The Spaniards are proving excellent laborers, doing, according to their foremen, twice as much work as the West Indians. The latter, accustomed to easy life and better pay, work only about one-half as much as necessary food and that is not much. There is a lack of amusement for the men, and some action by the commission to provide more is recommended, although the men themselves are particularly solving this problem. Wages, in view of the high cost of living, perhaps are not as high as they should be. This matter will be more fully investigated.

As the decision is communicated to the canal committees of the two houses of congress, concerning Chinese labor the president says:

Our business is to dig the canal as efficiently and as quickly as possible, provided always that nothing is done that is injurious to any laborers and nothing that interferes with the wages of or lowers the standard of living of our own workmen. Having in view this principle, I have arranged to try several thousand Chinese laborers. This is desirable both because we must try to find out what laborers are most efficient and, furthermore, because we should not leave ourselves at the mercy of any one type of foreign labor.

## Work of Construction

There remains to consider the actual work for which these laborers are gathered together. This is under the direct control of Chief Engineer Stevens, who has already shown admirable results and whom we can safely trust to achieve similar results in the future.

The three big problems of the canal are the La Brea dams, the Gatun dam and the Chibola cut. The main work is now being done in the Chibola cut. It was striking and impressive to see the huge steam shovels in full play, the dumping trucks carrying away the rock and earth they dislodged.

As soon as the type of canal was decided this work began in good earnest. The rainy season will shortly be over, and then there will be an immense increase in the amount taken out, but even during the last three months steady progress is shown. Passing through the cut the amount of new work can be seen at a glance. In one place the entire side of a hill had been taken out recently by 27 tons of dynamite, which were exploded at one blast. Throughout the cut the drilling, blasting, shoveling and hauling are going on with constantly increasing energy, the huge shores being pressed up as if they were mountain howitzers into the most unlikely looking places, where they eat their way into the hillsides.

## Doubting Thomases Expected

It is not only natural, but inevitable, that a work as gigantic as this should arouse every species of hostility and criticism. It would be absolutely out of the question that mistakes should not be made. Unforeseen difficulties will arise. From time to time seemingly well settled plans will have to be changed. At present 25,000 men are engaged on the task. After awhile the number will be doubled. In such a multitude it is inevitable that there should be here and there a scoundrel. In a place which has been for ages a byword for unhealthfulness and with so large a congregation of strangers suddenly put down and set to hard work there will now and then be outbreaks of disease. There will be shortcomings in administration; there will be unlooked for accidents. Now and then an experiment will be a failure, and among those who hear of it a certain proportion of doubting Thomases will at once believe that the whole work is a failure. It is not too much to say that the whole atmosphere of the commission breathes honesty as it breathes efficiency and energy. Above all, the work has been kept absolutely clear of politics. I have never heard even a suggestion of spoils politics in connection with it.

## Contract Plan Favored

After most careful consideration we have decided to let out most of the work by contract if we can come to satisfactory terms with the contractors. The whole work is of a kind suited to the peculiar genius of our people, and our people have developed the type of contractor best fitted to grapple with it. After much consideration the plan already promulgated by the secretary of war was adopted. My conclusion is that it combines the maximum of advantage with the minimum of disadvantage. Under it a premium will be put upon the speedy and economical construction of the canal and a penalty imposed on delay and waste.

A seven-headed commission is a clumsy executive instrument. We should have but one commissioner, with heads of departments and other officers under him. We should be expressly permitted to employ the best engineers in the country as consulting engineers. Those best informed believe that the work will be completed in about eight years, but it is never safe to prophesy about such a work as this, especially in the tropics.

## Confident of Ultimate Success

Of the success of the enterprise I am as well convinced as one can be of any enterprise that is human. Under Mr. Shonts and Mr. Stevens and Dr. Gorgas this work has started with every omen of good fortune. They and their worthy associates, from the highest to the lowest, are entitled to the same credit that we would give to the picked men of a victorious army, for this conquest of peace will in its great and far-reaching effect stand as among the very greatest conquests, whether of peace or of war, which have ever been won by any of the peoples of mankind. A badge is to be given to every American citizen who for a specified time has taken part in this work, for participation in it will hereafter be held to reflect honor upon the man participating, just as it reflects honor upon a soldier to have belonged to a mighty army in a great war for righteousness.

## Thought Men Was a Deer

Millinocket, Me., Dec. 19.—Charles Pillsbury, a lumberman, was arrested for the accidental killing of William J. Lahey, aged 55, in mistake for a deer. Lahey, who was a lumber operator, was shot through the leg and died from loss of blood. Pillsbury was held in \$500 for the February term of court on the charge of manslaughter.

## Auto Piled Limb in Vermont

Montpelier, Vt., Dec. 20.—At 11 o'clock last night the automobile bill passed both branches. The bill provides for a speed limit in the cities of 10 miles an hour and 25 miles outside. The fine for the first violation of the law will be not over \$20 and 10 days in jail, with a second fine and six months in jail for the second offense.

## LAW OF THE LAND

Must Be Strictly Observed In  
Dealing With Japanese

## A MESSAGE TO CONGRESS

The President Reviews Recent  
Events In San Francisco and  
Submits Metcalf's Report of  
His Investigation

Washington, Dec. 18.—The following message of President Roosevelt was sent to congress today:

I enclose herewith for your information the final report made to me personally by Secretary Metcalf on the situation affecting the Japanese in San Francisco. The report deals with three matters of controversy—first, the exclusion of the Japanese children from the San Francisco schools; second, the boycotting of Japanese restaurants, and, third, acts of violence committed against the Japanese.

As to the first matter, I call your especial attention to the very small number of Japanese children who attend school, to the testimony as to the brightness, cleanliness, and good behavior of these Japanese children in the schools, and to the fact that, owing to their being scattered throughout the city, the requirement for them all to go to one special school is impossible of fulfillment and means that they cannot have school facilities. The government has already directed that suit be brought to test the constitutionality of the act in question; but my very earnest hope is that such suit will not be necessary, and that as a matter of equity the citizens of San Francisco will refuse to deprive these young Japanese children of education and will permit them to go to the schools.

The question as to the violence against the Japanese is most admirably put by Secretary Metcalf, and I have nothing to add to his statement. I am entirely confident that, as Secretary Metcalf says, the overwhelming sentiment of the state of California is for law and order and for the protection of the Japanese in their persons and property.

I authorized and directed Secretary Metcalf to state that if there was failure to protect persons and property, then the entire power of the federal government within the limits of the Constitution would be used promptly and vigorously to enforce the observance of our treaty, the supreme law of the land, which treaty guaranteed to Japanese residents everywhere in the Union full and perfect protection for their persons and property; and to this end everything in my power would be done, and all the forces of the United States, both civil and military, which I could lawfully employ, would be employed.

## Report of Secretary Metcalf

The report of Secretary Metcalf is in part as follows:

It seems that for several years the board of education of San Francisco had been considering the advisability of establishing separate schools for Chinese, Japanese and Korean children, and on Oct. 11, 1905, passed a resolution to that effect.

On the day when the order of Oct. 11 went into effect, viz. Oct. 15, there were attending the public schools of the city of San Francisco 92 Japanese pupils.

The objection to Japanese men attending the primary grades could very readily be met by a simple rule limiting the ages of all children attending those grades. All of the teachers with whom I talked while in San Francisco spoke in the highest terms of the Japanese children, saying that they were among the very best of their pupils, cleanly in their persons, well behaved, studious, and remarkably bright.

A boycott was maintained in San Francisco from Oct. 3 to Oct. 24 by members of the Cooks and Waiters' union against Japanese restaurants doing business in that city. Nearly all of the leaders of labor organizations in San Francisco interviewed on this subject disclaimed any knowledge of any formal action being taken for the boycotting of these restaurants.

As a matter of fact, a most effective boycott was maintained against nearly all of the Japanese restaurants located in San Francisco for a period of at least three weeks. Pickets were stationed in front of these restaurants and every effort was made to prevent people from patronizing them. At times stones were thrown and windows broken.

I am satisfied, from inquiries made by me and from statements made to me by the Japanese restaurant keepers, that the throwing of stones and breaking of windows was not done by the men picketing the restaurants, but by young men and boys who had gathered in front of the restaurants as soon as the boycott was instituted.

Assaults have from time to time been made upon Japanese subjects resident in the city of San Francisco. I was informed by the chief of police that upon receipt of a communication from the Japanese consul he at once instructed captains of police to make every effort to stop these assaults.

I know that these assaults upon the Japanese are universally condemned by all good citizens of California. The assaults upon the Japanese were not made, in my judgment, with a view of racial hostility, stirred up possibly by newspaper accounts of meetings that have been held at different times relative to the exclusion of Japanese from the United States.

## Sent to Asylum For Life

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 21.—Life confinement in Bridgewater asylum for the criminal insane was the sentence passed upon Sarkis Choolagian of Wintertown by Judge Gaskill. Evidence showed that Choolagian, an Armenian, suddenly became insane Aug. 22 and killed his father by a blow from a crowbar.

## GREAT TROLLEY DEAL

Lighting and Power Plants Also  
Go to the New Haven Road

New Haven, Dec. 21.—The purchase of the Connecticut Railway and Lighting company, with all its rights and privileges in lighting and power plants, its water power on the Housatonic river above New Milford, its franchises in many of the manufacturing centers, together with the railway system owned by the Rhode Island Securities company, the holding company of the Rhode Island company, which itself was owner of the Rhode Island Suburban Railway company, the Union Railroad company and the Pawtucket Street Railway company, is one of the largest transactions ever made in New England. It gives the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company ownership of about 1350 miles of single track trolley lines in Connecticut and Rhode Island, from which the gross earnings a year are upward of \$10,000,000.

The total market values of the companies included in the whole combination, including all the underlying bonds in the constituent companies, is not less than \$130,000,000.

The purchase of the Connecticut Railway and Lighting company, it is stated, calls for \$975,000 as first payment, rising by \$70,000 a year until it reaches the amount of \$1,500,000.

## Creditors Fought Barnes Will

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 21.—In the probate court here, Judge Lawton declared that Mrs. Louisa P. Barnes, an aged Newton woman, was not of sound mind when she made a will leaving all her property, about \$12,000, to her niece. The will is therefore void. Mrs. Barnes created a sensation a few years ago by marrying a young physician to whom she turned over her bank account. The woman's friends had the marriage annulled. The will of Mrs. Barnes was opposed by creditors, as under it they would have received nothing.

## Sad Fate of Two Old Men

Providence, Dec. 21.—After having been found critically ill in a lonely farmhouse in Exeter, without warmth, food or medicine, Thomas Peckham and Thomas Hazard, both over 80 years of age, died at the home of friends. The two men were found lying upon the floor, barely conscious. The house was very cold, being without fire, the men had little clothing and no food of any sort was visible. All efforts to revive the sufferers failed.

## Telephone Inquiry Wanted

Boston, Dec. 21.—While asking Mayor Fitzgerald to veto the franchise voted by the board of aldermen to the Metropolitan Home Telephone company, the Public Franchise league sent a communication to the mayor, demanding that he take advantage of the recent act of the legislature and petition the state highway commission to thoroughly investigate the charges and service of the New England Telephone and Telegraph company.

## Aid Not a Candidate

Boston, Dec. 21.—Judge Aldrich, senior justice of the United States circuit court of the Boston district, announced that he will not stand as a candidate for United States senator in New Hampshire. A dispatch whose source is at Littleton, N. H., has been suggested for the office, which will be filled by the New Hampshire legislature in January, when the term of Senator Burdham expires. Burdham is a candidate for re-election.

## Tree Ties Garden's Place

Boston, Dec. 21.—Upon orders issued from the treasury department, United States Treasurer Treat of New York will take charge of the Boston sub-treasury pending the appointment of a successor to the late G. A. Marden.

CHILD'S AWFUL  
SKIN HUMOR

Screamed with Pain—Suffering  
Nearly Broke Parent's Heart—  
Twelve Years of Misery—Doctor  
Called Case Incurable—Helped  
from First, and

SPEEDILY CURED BY  
CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I wish to inform you that your wonderful Cuticura has put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with



my son. As an infant I noticed on his body a red spot and treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. The longer the doctors treated him the worse it grew. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At night it would be cracked, inflamed, and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. When I think of his suffering, it nearly breaks my heart. His screams could be heard down stairs. The suffering of my son made me full of misery. I had no ambition to work, to eat, nor could I sleep.

"One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable and gave it up for a bad job. One evening I saw an article in the paper about the wonderful Cuticura and decided to give it a trial.

"I tell you that Cuticura Ointment is worth its weight in gold; and when I had used the first box of Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent my child was cured. He is now twelve years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. (Signed) Michael Steinman, 7 Sumner Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1905."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for every form of Eczema, Psoriasis, Itch, and other skin diseases. Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent. Price, 25c. per box. Sold by all druggists. Write for free booklet. "Cuticura" is a registered trademark. "Cuticura" is a registered trademark.

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## NEW ENGLAND BREED

At a meeting at Boston of the New England Livestock Dealers' association a committee was appointed to obtain, if possible, better railroad facilities for the transportation of cattle and other livestock.

Governor Proctor of Vermont has signed the bill providing non-resident hunters to pay a license fee of \$5 for the privilege of hunting deer in the open season.

Bartol Parker, 1908, was elected captain of the Harvard football eleven of next year. Parker's home is at South Lancaster, Mass.

The resignation of Professor Sneath from the chair of the theory and practice of education at Yale, tendered because of ill-health, has been accepted by the Yale corporation.

A leather factory at Woburn, Mass., owned by F. C. Parker & Sons was destroyed by fire which started from some cause unknown. Loss, \$40,000.

The body of Edward N. Burdick, 34 years old, was found floating in Narragansett Bay, N. H. It is believed that he threw himself into the harbor while temporarily insane.

The body of Joseph Burns of Franklin, Mass., was found lying beside the railroad tracks near Westbury, R. I., with the skull badly fractured. It is believed that Burns was riding on a freight train and was struck by an overhead bridge.

## Was Soldier, Editor and Financier

Lowell, Mass., Dec. 20.—George A. Marden, soldier, orator, editor, former state treasurer, and for several years assistant treasurer of the United States in charge of the sub-treasury at Boston, died at his home in Mount Vernon, N. H., in 1839.

## Washburn's Walkover

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 19.—Charles O. Washburn, Republican, was elected representative in congress for the Third district to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rockwood Hoar, receiving 4048 of the 4627 votes cast. Although Washburn was the only nominee, many names were written in and voted for.

## Patrick Escapes Death Chair

Albany, Dec. 21.—Albert T. Patrick has been saved by Governor Higgins from further peril of the death chair, in whose shadow he has stood for nearly five years, convicted of the murder of William M. Rice, the aged New York city millionaire.

## Incendiary Sent to Prison

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 19.—Frank M. Early of Lowell was convicted of arson in setting fire to the house of James Nugent in Tewksbury and sentenced to not less than five nor more than seven years in state prison.







